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The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLVI September 5, 1947 NUMBER 21

THE WEEK 491
A POEM *John Frederick Nims* 493
SPARTINA AND BLACK VELVET *Edward S. Skillin* 494
SCOTTISH NATIONALISM *Peter F. Anson* 497
COMMUNICATIONS 500
Threat to Lebanon—Food Parcels
THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 501
THE LABOR MOVEMENT *John C. Cort* 502
IN ENGLAND NOW *Anne Fremantle* 503
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 504
Polish Jews—What Ails Mankind—The Development of Modern Medicine—Democracy and Empire in the Caribbean—No Lasting Home—The Garretson Chronicle
THE INNER FORUM 508
Education in Argentina

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By-Passing NLRB

THE INSTITUTION of any new order of things can be expected to produce difficulties and alarums, but the going into actual effect of the Taft-Hartley Labor Bill has been peculiarly unpromising. The National Labor Relations Board and the unions are moving rapidly in diametrically opposite directions. The ruling of Robert N. Denham, the Board's General Counsel, that individual unions with cases pending before the Board would have twenty days to file the affidavits that none of their officers were Communists, together with similar affidavits from the AFL or CIO to which they are affiliated, was considered tough. Machinists then in convention protested most vociferously. Unions are also finding the task of registering with the NLRB and submitting rules and financial reports extremely distasteful.

At the same time lawyers for the unions are chary of official organization action which would render them liable to suit now that such things as violations of contracts, jurisdictional strikes, secondary boycotts, wildcat strikes and featherbedding are prohibited by law. The International Typographers Union (AFL) adopted without opposition refusal to sign any contracts with employers; instead the printers resort to the ingenious device of posting in each shop a statement of conditions under which they will work, which at the same time is not to be construed as a collective bargaining contract enforceable by law. A device more striking for its originality than for its feasibility in circumventing Taft-Hartley. For there are implied and quasi-contracts which are legally binding.

A few unions, notably the AFL Office Employees (35,000 claimed membership), have already begun to file in compliance with NLRB's regulations. But except for the cautions issued by union leaders and legal lights such as those of the AFL Teamsters, against jeopardizing union funds or union leaders, the CIO and to a lesser extent the AFL are openly hostile to compliance. The CIO and United Mine Workers are most adamant in their refusal. While Mr. Hartley now expresses deep distress that they won't give his law a chance to show how beautifully it will work in actuality and threatens to call to the Washington carpet any employers who connive with their workers to get round the law.

Whether the unions file affidavits or not, the companies may call in the NLRB to investigate and adjudicate differences. But non-complying unions no longer have this recourse. They may bargain with management independently, of course, but upon failure to reach an agreement, a strike is the union's only remaining argument. Hardly a happy state of things, a good augury for industrial peace. To blame past union high-handedness or the wicked supporters of the Taft-Hartley law is hardly productive. Under the new dispensation the unions are faced with a terribly hard decision. One way is to turn away from government arbitration and revert to the naked force of the strike whenever deemed necessary to secure what they believe to be their just claims. The other is to give the new system a trial, under protest and pressing for the most generous interpretation of the law's provisions. This latter course would even incur the risks of fines and other penalties. Yet well-demonstrated willingness on organized labor's part to submit its claims to public arbitration would go far toward winning general public support for amendments to the Taft-Hartley Bill that would make that legislation much more consonant with the common good.

Progress at Rio

THE HARMONY which appears to pervade the Inter-American conference at Rio is so unusual for the present moment as to arouse great curiosity. The only visible ripples as we go to

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press were the Cuban proposal to place economic collaboration before hemisphere defense and the Argentine effort to allow a single nation to veto collective hemisphere defense action. To these could be added the attempt by Argentina to limit the pact to attacks from outside the hemisphere. All of these things have been overwhelmingly outvoted.

Are the personalities of Secretary Marshall and Senator Vandenberg primarily responsible for the renewed popularity of the United States among the other delegations? Perhaps our delegates have achieved new levels of modesty and tact which sensitive Latin Americans are quick to appreciate. Or it may be that nearly every one of the other nations of the Americas are conscious of the great potential we hold as far as their own national economies are concerned. In any case they have happily accepted the Marshall formula of "Europe First" and have taken our word that the Pan-American economy is high on our priority list.

The pact is neither completely drawn nor agreed to by the delegates yet. But the outlook is most promising, if we are to believe our Rio correspondents. Were it not for the fact that the United States so overbalances every other conferee in wealth, productiveness, population and the rest, this might serve as a model for other international conferences—particularly because of the good feeling which is so manifest. The commitments which this country will agree to undertake on a majority or two-thirds decision—and the whole building up of a strong Pan-American federation—will tend to equalize things somewhat. And, with the passage of the years and generous lending of our capital and know-how, the Latin American nations individually, clearly advanced beyond the colonial economic status, will treat with us on much more equal and healthful terms.

What Constitutes a Monopoly?

IT IS harsh irony that just as the citizens of Greenbelt, Md., concluded the festivities marking the tenth anniversary of the community's founding, it should be pilloried as a monopoly. The blow was particularly rude in that the House Small Business Committee (going in for very petty business indeed) issued a press release implicitly announcing beforehand the outcome of its proposed "investigation" of Greenbelt. So many citizens of this forest-girdled community of 8,000 souls, established as a model by the Resettlement Administration, piled into Washington that they could not all gain admission to the hearings chamber. The session itself was stormy but the original intentions carried through right on schedule; by a strictly party vote of 2 to 1 the Republican members of the committee won out.

Monopoly is an ugly word in America; it ordinarily refers to one individual or a conniving group cornering some commodity to the point that the public is exploited for private gain. At Greenbelt the citizens have organized, and operate for their mutual benefit, all sorts of consumer cooperative services. How can the epithet, monopoly, have any meaning here?

The Trap in Greece

IN A BIG war armies get themselves trapped, surrounded, cut off, and in that way a campaign is lost, and it is that way also just before the end of a big war. In a big war there is always an army that is driving forward, or several armies, and then the opposing forces get all cut to pieces, their communications are broken, and there is a moment when they no longer represent any ordered strength but are just men dressed as soldiers, falling all over themselves or standing still with their mouths open waiting to surrender. But in modern civil wars things do not happen that way. The governments engaged in suppressing rebellion go about their business and for a time you do not know how well or badly they are getting along. Then a time comes when the government announces that the guerrilla bands are trapped, cut off, surrounded, and the minute that news is in the headlines anyone old enough to spell it out knows that the government is in trouble. You look at the triumphant headlines and you say there goes the ball game.

So that when the Greek Government a little while ago began to draw arrows on the map showing that its armies were everywhere, and the guerrillas were already practically in concentration camps, everyone knew at once that things were going badly for the Greek Government.

Given our position as a result of the Truman Doctrine that meant that things were also going badly for us.

Now they go from bad to worse. As we write, there is no Greek Government. There is a Greek King but he is not saying or doing anything. There are a number of Greek politicians who are attempting to form a government and every day they go to call on Mr. Lincoln MacVeagh, the American Ambassador to Greece. Mr. MacVeagh tells them to form a cabinet which shall represent the majority of the Greek people and earn its confidence. What else can the representative of our democratic nation say to the politicians of a country which we are saving for democracy? But what hope can Mr. MacVeagh have when he appeals to a divided country to form a united government? What is he doing there anyway?

He is doing, in our zone, what the Russian diplomats are doing in the Russian zone—he is attempting, mildly and ineffectually, to influence

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a nation in its internal affairs so that it will follow our leadership in foreign affairs.

There are too many people in concentration camps in Greece; they have been there for a long time; when we announced the Truman Doctrine their numbers increased. The Russians did not put them there. The Greek Government put them in the camps and, at the time we decided that Greece was a country we were going to save for democracy, Greece already and clearly was divided, and badly governed. We accepted the government responsible for that lamentable state of affairs; we did not demand that it declare a political amnesty and free its prisoners; we gave it money and equipment to go off chasing the guerrilla opposition in the mountains. That pursuit has failed.

In doing all this we challenged the Russians. To make absolutely certain that they would not be taken in by any talk of democratic Greece we gave military assistance to Turkey. Here, in Greece and in Turkey, we proclaimed suddenly, is where we shall take our stand.

The inconveniences involved in such an extremely unfortunate choice of terrain soon became apparent. It was then that we launched the Marshall Plan: it was all Europe that we were interested in. We hoped that the UN could do something to protect Greece from outside interference. Russia prevented the UN from acting effectively. We hoped that we would not be called upon to act directly ourselves. All we could do was to hope, because we had the Truman Doctrine, and we were committed.

It will be very embarrassing if Greece collapses all of itself. But it will be more embarrassing if Russia should decide that a little help is needed and send the Bulgarians in to do something about it. We have actually exposed ourselves to war. We have placed ourselves in the heart of a Balkan situation such as, even before there was communism, repeatedly led to war. We have promised our support to a small power at a moment when that power is in complete disintegration and invites through its weakness and lack of unity both internal and external aggression. Our choosing to do so is extraordinary.

The choice is more dangerous because it was made too late. When the British were forced to withdraw from Greece we might have sent American soldiers to replace them. No one could have objected. There would have been no need to proclaim a "doctrine" to explain their presence. We did not send them then; to send them now would be an act of war.

The fact is that we withdrew too soon from Europe. We are paying now for the clamor to which we yielded when we were in such a hurry to "bring the boys back." It was at the end of the war that we should have proclaimed the Truman Doctrine. We were strong then. We are strong now. But we were in Europe then and we are not there now. We were present then and no one would have provoked us. We are absent now and it is not quite the same thing, it is not quite so dangerous to provoke us through the nations we say we shall protect. Because if we are to protect them we shall have to cross the seas again and there is always a doubt about our wishing to do so. There are so many people in Europe who do not wish us to do so.

They are not our enemies; they are our friends. They are tired of war and they do not fear communism to the degree we detest it. They do not want to see the end of Europe which a war would bring. They are very certain that they do not want a war that would be justified by something the United States wanted, or did not want to see happen in the Balkans, or in the Near East, or in the Far East, or on behalf of the North Pole.

From the start they expressed the gravest anxiety when we took up our Greek and Turkish position. Their anxiety was justified. There are no rules that guaranty peace or sure success in war. But there is a rule which makes both peace and war less hazardous. It is that a nation must never assume commitments before it has established the machinery to carry them out. Through the Truman Doctrine we broke that rule. We guaranteed Greece; at the time we did so we were not physically present in Greece with adequate strength to implement our guaranty. Greece now is collapsing; we are still not in Greece. If we go to Greece after Greece has fallen it will simply be to go to war.

C. G. PAULDING.

"Human Kind Cannot Bear Very Much Reality"

Hence tricks of dimension on us soft as kisses,
Vagueness of towns seen from a little way;
Tact of the hillside oak, giant that presses
Mild on the eye, a feather of grey.

Hence the world rushing down fast from the plane.
In ten seconds Gulliver's toy, its human places
Amusing and trim: no room for the cripple's eye at the pane,
The men swinging jagged beer-bottles, blood on their faces.

Hence tininess: sizzle of distance in our palm.
What saurians horny with glass the dewdrop carries
Microscope moonlight shows. Or think of loam:
Such beasts for our safety seen as from forty stories.

Hence too the fortunate limits of love:
Frigidity, tedium, pride. Else, carefree and tall,
What man on these lunch-hour streets freely could move
Without raging in love for the plain, least girl of all?

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS.

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Spartina and Black Velvet

Conserving and restoring the nation's number one natural resource.

Edward S. Skillin

A BUNGALOW at the seashore has its virtues as a vantage point for the actual writing of a piece about the nation's greatest of natural resources, the soil. The marigolds, zinnias, petunias and nasturtiums which grow to giant size in such brilliance and profusion, the heavy dew which often makes the crab grass sparkle in the early morning, the six-foot marsh grass (spartina) with its plum brown August plumes rippling in a land breeze, and the robust vegetables on sale in local markets or at roadside stands, all furnish clues. They signalize the importance of both moisture and a soil which is light and well-aerated; they indicate the potentialities latent in our vast arid, sandy areas if they enjoy the benefits of irrigation.

Perhaps a white-collarist's vacation underlines the importance of the weather more than any other time; the days in the open air are so few. In any case I find myself constantly watching the weathervane for fear of the 72 hour Northeaster, keeping track of the latest radio reports, observing the sky, the clouds, sunrises and sunsets, the cobwebs on the grass and all available signs of weather constancy or change. And the feverish effort to utilize to the utmost the few consecutive days in the year allotted to bodily and psychological refreshment makes it easier to grasp what sun and wind and rain at crucial moments mean to the man whose livelihood is cultivation of the soil. The seaside summer bungalow supplies many a useful hint on the subject of this article. And the stimulus of outdoor life releases the imagination.

Down at the beach itself there are also many apposite subjects for reflection. Something about the sand is grimly barren; whatever protrudes above its feet-pocked surface is inanimate—a paper napkin, a pop bottle, a yellow pebble, a match packet, a bit of charred wood, a chewing gum wrapper, a badly-shredded cigar butt, a whitened piece of shell, a battered page from a funny book or a daily tabloid. A stark reminder of those once fertile inland acres where man-made erosion has had full play.

In contrast, food is everywhere: frankfurters originating in the nation's western corn-hog areas; ice cream from the dairy sections of the East and Midwest, with sugar from all over; hamburgers, candy bars, glazed apples on a stick, coca cola and the ubiquitous bubble gum. How dependent even the boardwalk concessionist is on the nation's farming areas!

Portable radios are plentiful on the beach this summer. If you get close enough you will find them tuned in to the tireless disk jockeys or to the pennant-bound Brooklyn Dodgers. But these compact little cabinets can serve as reminder of the great potentialities in broadcasting in rural areas. Their educational possibilities in the matter of good soil practices and other useful information for the American farmer are incalculable. On cloudy days at the shore small boys who are not fishing, sitting in the movies, or kicking up a fuss at home, still play softball on the genuine sandlots that abound. But as the days shorten, their older brothers may be seen throwing passes on the beach, getting the feel of the pigskin, thinking ahead to the school team and the fall.

Which brings me to the real subject of this article; I must leave the restless, refreshing ocean, the barren gray sand, the splintered boardwalk and the greasy hot-dog counters, without further comment as to what many a seaside resort reveals about the current state of the American people, their restlessness, lack of personal resources for mutual amusement (revealed when the sun itself takes a holiday), their insatiable appetite for food and soft drinks of really an unpalatable sort, their quaint sports garb and complete lack of individuality, and the failure of the boys and girls to indicate that they will have even as much to say for themselves as their ill-educated parents. Vacation time is particularly revealing of certain aspects of our national character. But education does lead to the heart of my current subject for in Iowa, long the biggest producer of the nation's farm products (having fallen behind California only in the past two or three years), the State Department of Education has just completed a three-year experiment giving soil conservation instruction in the state's rural elementary schools.

To have American public education deal with the basic importance of things is heartening, and now the great majority of Iowa's 48,000 rural pupils from the first to the eighth grades will not be permitted to forget that "civilization moves,

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survives or disappears with the fertility of the soil." In order to get the idea, these school children study the composition of various soils, visit tracts where erosion of the arable topsoil has worked its havoc, and other fields where water is standing because of inadequate drainage. Another horrible, avoidable example is eroded, over-cropped pastures, while plowed furrows which follow the contours of the land—if possible a contour-plowing contest—are visited as models of good soil conservation practice. Much emphasis is placed on the various ingredients of automobiles and other desired finished objects which are produced directly on the land. If Iowa with its superb deep "black velvet" topsoil now finds it essential to inculcate conservation practices in its future cultivators, the situation must be growing serious.

★

A few figures give an idea of the scope and gravity of the problem. One-fifth of the arable land of the United States is already denuded of its priceless topsoil (on which alone crops will grow); it is pitted and ruined beyond repair. One-third of the remaining farm land is badly damaged. We still have over four hundred million arable acres left in varying conditions of soil health, but we are currently ruining a half million acres a year. This after ten full years of the National Soil Conservation Service, the instructions of county agents and the bitter lesson of the dust bowls of the early thirties. With other leading national resources badly spent or dwindling because of the war, we can ill afford to expend our topsoil, the one resource which is indispensable. I say this without even taking into account what happens to the farm families who are victims of erosion. Particularly as the increasing use of plastics widely extends the industrial use of fibers and other raw materials produced directly on the land. Another aspect is this: each year we extract 2,500,000 tons of phosphates from our soil by growing crops and grazing, and lose another 3,000,000 tons through erosion; yet, according to the National Resources Board, we are only returning 2,500,000 to the soil annually through fertilizers and by other means. One way or another we are steadily sapping our soil's vitality.

The key state of Iowa itself has been a bad offender. Last June alone—due to spring rains and severe floods—it lost 115,000,000 tons of topsoil, the worst erosion loss in its history. Disquieting reports issue from Iowa State College at Ames. One of the most recent is that in the past five years acreages devoted to "row crops" have increased 28 percent, with the decrease in soil-anchoring pasture land corresponding. An indication of the way fertility is declining on the black-velvet corn land which I visited before the war is that in the past five years Iowa farmers have had to increase their use of chemical fertilizers nine-fold. War does accentuate bad farming practices.

Nearby Nebraska, another leading agricultural state, is in no better case. A special dispatch to the New York *Times* from Omaha, dated August 19, tells of sizable increases in wheat acreage, and bushels produced, over even last year. "In the process much land was plowed that should have been kept under grass. The long-time Nebraska farmers charged that speculators, seeing a chance to make a killing, have taken the land during the bonanza and will leave the task of re-anchoring the soil to someone else. . . . Many soil experts are predicting another Dust Bowl worse than the one which ravaged the country in the Nineteen Thirties."

Considering the fact that the Soil Conservation Service is even today fighting a losing battle, merely keeping things from getting disastrously worse, I wonder how much can be done to reverse the downward trend of the nation's life-giving topsoil. Flood control is obviously one of the major remedies. This spring three states alone—Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri—lost $491,000,000 worth of topsoil due to floods. Another way of putting this is to say that in the Missouri Valley this spring 3,000,000 acres of farm land were inundated, nearly half of these being flooded twice or more.

America's solitary boast, the TVA, has shown that, even in regions of heavy rainfall, devastating floods can be averted by means of a well-planned series of dams and reservoirs. Similar plans—with the necessary regional variations—have been drawn up for the Arkansas, Columbia, Missouri and other river valleys, but public lethargy and opposition of the "interests" have blocked any such coordinated undertaking. It is particularly complicated in the case of the Missouri River because of the ineffective but stubbornly persisted-in, piecemeal efforts of the Reclamation Bureau and the Army Engineers. With Congress of its present cast and temper, the immediate prospect for new river authorities is extremely bleak. But, for the record at least, that does not make this remedy any less imperative.

It is, however, a mistake to think of flood control solely in terms of mighty rivers. I have lost track of the volume, but about a decade ago one of the departments in Washington brought out a remarkable study entitled "Little Waters," the key to effective flood control. The harnessing of a thousand small streams is no minor undertaking yet it does not require the immense outlay called for by such constructions as the larger TVA dams. It is a technique which by itself, or in conjunction

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with large river valley controls, deserves much more thorough going into.

Back of the mountain streams and country brooks, which spill into the rivers with force varying with the season, are the fields themselves. They, too, have a major rôle in effective flood control. And I am back again at the heart of my subject, soil conservation—in the upland now, as well as for the plains below.

There are various methods utilized to hold rain-water on the soil. One analogous to dams is contour plowing. On hilly ground the furrows which follow the land's contour, instead of running straight up and down a hillside, in reality serve as a series of little dams to hold the water in and slow down the run-off. In addition a broad, shallow channel, wider at the bottom of the hill than at the top, is dug into the hillside to confine the run-off water to a definite, restricted course. Another well-known device is to alternate strips of closely rooted small grain with strips of a loose-furrowed crop such as corn. The soil naturally remains better anchored under a system of crop rotation, also, than with the one-crop cultivation so characteristic of many "factories in the fields."

Another technique is gaining wider and wider acceptance if still the subject of heated controversy. Its spokesman, Edward H. Faulkner, brought out his "Plowman's Folly" four years ago, a genuine best-seller. His thesis, which he presented in an extreme form, is that the traditional American deep-furrowing moldboard plow disturbs the natural organization of the soil and, by thrusting the remainders of past crops and other topsoil-anchorage and moisture-absorbing surface debris deep into the ground, both reduces soil fertility and leads directly to erosion. He cited his own highly productive experiments with scratching or surface-disking the soil to substantiate his claims.

Despite the astounding success of his book, Mr. Faulkner was widely dismissed as a faddist if not a crackpot. Yet in the semi-arid Great Plains, and in the Pacific Northwest, use of the one-way disk for plowing (to loosen the soil underneath but leave the residue of former crops on the surface) is becoming quite extensive. This "stubble-mulch" type of cultivation gives fields a trashy exterior, with seeds planted through the mulch, but it is recording superb results. Cultivators in the Middle West and the East are much slower to take up the methods advocated in Faulkner's books, sticking to their moldboard plows, their deep, straight furrows, their impeccably neat but potentially volatile fields, their increasing proportion of chemical fertilizers. Yet it would seem to me that some sort of stubble mulch technique which stores up moisture in semi-arid regions would also supply sufficient cover to hold the topsoil during the visitations of heavy spring rains in our more humid farming regions.

Mr. Faulkner himself has just brought out another book, "A Second Look."* Although he now allows of certain exceptions which permit use of the moldboard plow, he stands by his basic position: maintenance on the surface of an ample supply of surface matter (trash, waste leaves and fibers, mulches or prepared composts) is the essential. It will even bring back the most unpromising land. His most controversial assertion is that artificial fertilizers are useful *only* as an occasional "shot in the arm." I shall return to this.

★

Meanwhile I must touch on the remedy of restoring pasture land. In the important dairy state of New Jersey more than 33,000 acres have been especially prepared and seeded for pasture during the past seven years—planted to grasses such as orchard, broome and reed canary and legumes such as Ladino clover, which is so prolific that a single plant may spread 16 square feet in a single year. And then the cows are not permitted to graze a field until the grass is abundant.

Here is one result, according to Roscoe De Baun, Farm and Garden Editor of the Newark *Evening News*: "In former years, the pasture lot was usually the poorest soil on the farm. . . . Cows would work for hours to get a little grass. Tired out, they would give up. Late in the afternoon, the hungry cows would return to the barn to get their fill of costly hay, ensilage and feed." With the improved New Jersey pasture, "cows eat their fill in a hurry. Then they rest in the shade and enjoy their cud. After a while they have another big meal with little effort. . . . the cows harvest their own feed, and milk is produced at a minimum cost."

In order to achieve this idyllic economic state, and establish pastures resistant to erosion, it is essential before planting to prepare the soil with manure, pulverized limestone and superphosphate fertilizer. The contented cows then bring us to the final method of soil preservation: phosphates.

So far as I know it is only the biodynamic cult and the single-minded devotees of Faulkner who are flatly opposed to any use of artificial or chemical fertilizers as a normal procedure in soil care. Both groups can point to impressive results from the use of mulches and natural composts to the exclusion of chemical fertilizers. And Faulkner expresses considerable scepticism that the amount of minerals taken from the soil and returned to it through fertilizing and other means must be kept in perfect balance—as with a bank account.

As the able pamphlet just prepared by James

*University of Oklahoma. $2.00.

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Rorty for the TVA, "Food at the Grass Roots," shows, phosphates can produce remarkable achievements in soil conservation and restoration. Phosphorus has again and again proved particularly good at promoting the hardy growth of vegetal cover for the land. It makes the land something like an absorbent sponge which retains water for growing purposes. In Alabama phosphates have been particularly effective in the establishment of pastures similar to those described above.

The Rorty pamphlet also cites the conclusion of the Association of Land Grant Colleges that eighty percent of United States soils are deficient in all-important phosphorus together with the inability of the American fertilizer industry as presently constituted to produce nearly enough phosphates. Phosphorus is one of the many raw materials with which America is heavily endowed; we have, in fact, more than half of the world's known reserves—principally phosphoric rock in Idaho, Utah, Montana and Wyoming. There is no basic reason why phosphates could not be plentiful for the American farmer. And a further article on this strategic method of soil preservation is at present in preparation for THE COMMONWEAL.

But it is important to note here that the marked accomplishments of super-phosphates produced at TVA-operated Muscle Shoals have been established on over 40,000 demonstration farms in 26 states throughout the Union. If produced in sufficient quantities from our vast natural store superphosphates would indeed constitute one of the major techniques for conserving and restoring America's vital topsoil.

Any one of the projects described here, if widely adopted in time, would go far toward stemming the appalling waste of our most precious material endowment. And if most of them are undertaken in concert, the present trend of prodigality and devastation would be sharply reversed.

Scottish Nationalism

PETER F. ANSON

THE SCOTTISH NATION is growing restive! The intensive drive by the present Labor Government to centralize the control of all public services in London is having the effect of turning the majority of Scotsmen into "Nationalists," almost against their will. It takes a good deal to rouse the average Scot, whether he be Highland or Lowland in ancestry and mentality, but when he is roused to action he is a dangerous enemy. English politicians are making more and more enemies in the Sister Kingdom. They either cannot realize, or refuse to admit, that they are dealing with a people that has its own traditions and way of living, what is more, its own national institutions. In other words, they ignore the fact that Scotland is a Nation, and not merely the northern part of the island of Britain. They treat us as if we were naughty schoolboys. What is going to be the end of this strife? Will the storm burst sooner or later, as it did in Ireland?

To understand the present situation it may be well to recall a few often forgotten facts of history. In 1603 James VI of Scotland became the first ruler of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Until the passing of the Act of Union in 1707, Scotland retained her own Parliament. This highly efficient legislature met in Edinburgh and controlled the internal affairs of the nation. Even after the Union, Scotland managed to preserve her own Legal System, based on Roman Law, her Calvinist form of established religion, and other institutions. Had the Act of Union been a federal instead of an incorporating union, the Scottish nation could have continued to develop on its own lines. The immediate effects of being absorbed into England were disastrous. Within a few years the country was ravaged by the Jacobite wars. When peace was restored, after 1745, the English hold grew tighter. Granted that Scotland, at least the industrial districts of the Lowlands, achieved prosperity in the nineteenth century, this was due far more to the natural resources of coal and iron, combined with the enterprise of citizens, than to the Act of Union. As to the greater part of the Highlands, they became a depopulated desert as the result of the migration of the people to the industrial areas in the south or abroad. Had they stayed at home they would have starved.

To most Englishmen, Scotland gradually assumed the status of a playground where, if they had the means, they could indulge in sport—deer-stalking, grouse shooting and fishing. Landseer popularized this attitude of mind by his romantic paintings of stags grazing in wild mountains or glens. Few visitors ever troubled to visit the grim, sordid industrial towns and villages of the Lowlands in which dwelt by far the greater number of the inhabitants. They rushed through them at night when they were asleep. They ignored the small, once fairly prosperous towns, fast becoming moribund. Scotland meant heather, tartans, the music of the pipes, the glamor of lochs and mountains, visualized against a background of Sir Walter Scott's novels and poems. The ruined crofts in all parts of the Highlands merely added to the general picturesqueness of the scenery. The ugly realities were best forgotten, even by Scotsmen themselves. The soul of a nation in anguish was unseen and unheard.

During the twenty years between the two

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world wars, Scotland lost control of the railroads, all of which were absorbed into English companies with their headquarters in London. Four of the chief Scottish banks were merged into English ones. Many of the leading newspapers were bought up by English press magnates, and ceased to express a definite Scottish point of view. Some of the insurance companies shared the same Anglicanization as the banks. During this same period English multiple stores and business firms bought up privately owned Scottish shops in many cities and towns. The radio programs, although the BBC had regional headquarters in Edinburgh, Glasgow and Aberdeen, made few concessions to Scottish sentiment. The greater part of the programs were the same as those broadcast from England. Thus there was a constant, powerful and subtle English propaganda going on between 1919 and 1939.

The population declined steadily, although the birth-rate remained higher in Scotland than in England, or in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium and Switzerland. Unemployment in the major industries rose. Men and women had to go south of the Border to find work. Less and less food was grown, and more imported. The sea fisheries, extremely prosperous before 1914, declined in a catastrophic manner, mainly because of the loss of foreign markets for cured herring. The Government set up Commissions to investigate into such matters. Elaborate reports were published and schemes put forward, but little improvement in the general economic situation of Scotland could be discovered when war broke out in 1939.

During the war years many young men holding Nationalist views refused to join the Forces after conscription became law. This was not because of any pro-German sympathies, but was the result of a firm belief that all the Conscription legislation was contrary to the terms of the Treaty of Union of 1707. Some of these young men were imprisoned, others managed to find a *via media* by inventing "conscientious objections" and being drafted to land work. The legal aspects were put forward at great length by Douglas Young, formerly a professor of Aberdeen University, who was tried in the Paisley Sheriff Court in June, 1944. He was sentenced to three months imprisonment for having ignored his "calling up papers." What roused much more indignation in Scotland was the deportation of women and girls to factories and munition works in England and Wales. It seemed there was little scope for female labor in Scotland itself. Lassies from lonely islands in the Outer Hebrides or Shetlands suddenly found themselves ordered off to Sheffield, Birmingham or London.

The aftermath of the second world war has been the consummating of bureaucratic dictatorship by London. The Government has decided that all Scottish transport systems must be nationalized, which means supreme direction from London. It was hoped that Prestwick, in Ayrshire, would become an international center of air transport. Here again, despite strong protests in Scotland, the authorities in power are resolved that this country may not have any important air links with other nations. Many big industrial schemes, which would have given employment to thousands of idle men, have been turned down, including the urgently needed road bridge over the Forth. The plea put forward is that materials are more needed in England. The same applies to new houses everywhere, which are held up all over the country, both in towns and in rural districts. Many demobilized men and women can only find jobs by migrating to England and Wales.

Such are some of the reasons why Scotland today is growing restive, and haunted by a growing sense of bitter frustration. Fifteen years ago the Nationalist Movement was hardly taken seriously. Its leaders were mostly thinkers and writers. Today the situation is different. The newspapers which are not in the hands of the big English combines publish articles of an almost revolutionary tone. Some of the Scottish peers who sit in the House of Lords have been just as violent in their speeches. Hard-headed business men, bankers, lawyers, shopkeepers, farmers and the mass of the working classes, except those who still believe in the Labor Party, are united in their conviction that it is high time that Scotland obtained the necessary freedom to manage her own internal affairs. But up to the moment, no clear or united policy has been put forward.

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Here, in brief, is the story of the rise of the Nationalist Movement in Scotland. It was a young Liberal peer, Archibald, fifth Earl of Rosebery, who was the first prominent Scotsman to put forward the idea of Nationalism as it is understood today. About 1870 he had already come to the conclusion that when an Englishman conducts the government of a country, he at once concludes that it becomes England. In 1881 Rosebery wrote to Gladstone that "the words 'Home Rule' have begun to be distinctly and loudly mentioned in Scotland." That same year the Earl of Fife spoke in the House of Lords in favor of a separate ministry for Scotland, but his proposals met with little or no support. Meanwhile Rosebery had got himself appointed what he described as "backstairs member for Scotland," otherwise Under-Secretary to the Home Department, meaning to use his influence to promote Scottish interests. He was forced to resign as it was maintained that no peer could hold this office. In 1884, a convention was held in Edin-

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burgh, demanding the appointment by Parliament of a Scottish Local Government Board and a special Minister for Scotland. The following year the Bill was passed.

However, very little was achieved by legislation. The Treasury still controlled the finances, and Parliament gave one day in the year to discuss them. It was found difficult, if not impossible, for one man to control more than a dozen departments, and it proved that the Secretary for Scotland was practically powerless to do anything on his own initiative.

In 1886 was founded a Scottish Home Rule Association. The committee included several prominent Scotsmen, including R. B. Cunninghame Graham and a dozen Scottish members of Parliament.

A Home Rule Bill was put before Parliament in 1889, but defeated by 200 against 79 votes. The same fate befell another piece of legislation the following year. Between 1891 and 1894 motions for Federal Home Rule for Scotland were brought every year by Dr. G. P. Clark, the member for Caithness, and Sir Henry Dalziel, but each was defeated. Many of the Liberal leaders were in favor of granting autonomy to Scotland, including Gladstone, Asquith, Campbell-Bannerman and Lloyd George. The Labor party supported this policy in theory. Keir Hardie, Ramsay Macdonald and others passed several resolutions in support, but with no effect. After 1895 nothing more was heard about Home Rule until 1908.

Once again a bill was introduced, the Scottish members voting 41 in favor and 9 against it. After a lapse of three years the same fate overtook another motion, and so it happened on subsequent occasions. The significant fact is that between 1889 and 1914 the subject of Scottish Home Rule had been brought before the House of Commons thirteen times. On the last eight occasions the principle had been accepted by a majority of the House. Eleven of these Bills had received the votes of a big majority of Scottish members.

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Then came the first world war, after which all political parties were eager for "national self-determination" in the case of the smaller countries or races of Europe. Once more arose the question of allowing Scotland to determine how it wished to be governed as a nation. In 1918 a new Scottish Home Rule Association was formed and spread rapidly. Several bills for some kind of devolution for Scotland were brought forward in Parliament but none received a majority of votes. The next stage was the founding of a Scottish National League "for the resumption of Scottish independence."

Under the leadership of the Hon. Ruaraidh Erskine of Marr, this group of extremists clamored for complete independence from England. From about this date the Nationalist movement was split up into two main parties: the milder being content to obtain Dominion status, since Scotsmen had played such a part in building up the British Empire.

In 1924, yet another bill was brought up by a Labor member, for granting Scotland control of all of her own social and economic services. That same year the Scottish Liberal Federation demanded a Scots Parliament, with powers to deal with all matters which were outside the scope of an Imperial Parliament. It was the year of a General Election, and a Convention, composed of many representative Scotsmen, met in Glasgow to form a committee to draft a new bill for the establishment of a Scottish Parliament. It came before the House, but was never passed. Like most of its predecessors it never got beyond the second reading.

It was the rejection of this Bill in 1927 that led to the formation of a National Party. R. Cunninghame Graham was elected the first President. Its aim was to obtain "self-government for Scotland with absolute national status within the British group of nations, together with the reconstruction of Scottish national life." Seven years later, the National Party was united with the Scottish Party which had been established by the Duke of Montrose and Sir Alexander MacEwen. Thus came into being the existing National Party, whose aim is a Scots Parliament with final authority on all Scots affairs. Several candidates have been put forward, but none of them have been successful in getting into the Westminster Parliament. But the Party has done valuable work in other directions, especially by the publication of numerous pamphlets. Some of its members have since formed themselves into a rival party known as Scottish Convention, aiming rather at closer cooperation with other political parties than independent action.

In 1938 a makeshift arrangement for the control of Scottish administration came into being with the removal of many Government departments from London to Edinburgh, where they have their headquarters in St. Andrew's House. A new Scottish Home Department was established. This body has practically no power of initiative, and all schemes put forward for the improvement of Scottish affairs have to be submitted to London for approval.

It was about seventeen years ago that the younger generation of Scots began to wake up to a new sense of nationalism, not only in politics but in matters of culture. "They ceased to see Scotland as something attached to England, and conceived of her again as a nation, part of Europe. And they looked at her as she stood in

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their own time, and were filled with horror and generous, angry fear." (Agnes Mure Mackenzie: "Scotland in Modern Times.") Books, pamphlets and articles were published dealing with the degradation of Scottish life today. Men and women were filled with a sense of terror—what could be done to save Scotland? Was it too late? So came into being the Saltire Society for the promotion of Scottish art and culture. The study of Gaelic took on a new lease of life. This awakened conscience also led to a practical interest in everything connected with agriculture and small industries in rural districts, the re-settlement of the Highlands, the fisheries and farming. Writers, such as Eric Linklater, Compton Mackenzie, Neil M. Gunn, Hugh MacDiarmid, Naomi Michison, expressed the Nationalist point of view in fiction and in poetry. Deliberate experimental work in enriching the Scots form of English was done by more than one author, e.g. Douglas Young, such as had been attempted at an earlier date by Lewis Spence and J. Grassic Gibbon. Many new magazines and literary reviews were published. The nineteen-thirties were years of a Scottish Renaissance in art and literature.

Scotland is now faced with what will probably be her last chance of survival. If she fails to obtain self-government, it will mean the destruction of her hope of a continued national existence, of freedom for the individual and reasonable prosperity. If Ireland managed to maintain itself during the war years with even less natural resources, Scotland could surely be more or less self-supporting. No living Scottish writer has such a complete understanding of the needs of his country as Colin Walkinshaw. This from his book, "Prospect for Scotland," is what he feels may yet be the mission of Scotland: "If she can show to Europe the face of a small nation which, without sacrificing the best gifts of science, has rediscovered the virtues of simplicity and independence; if her countryside can again be filled with work and human movement, if the towers of her rebuilt cities can rise above the mists of Clyde and the North Sea *haar;* she will crown the history of a thousand years with an achievement which the world cannot fail to value."

Communications

THREAT TO LEBANON

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I have read Habib J. Awad's article on The Lebanon in your August 22 issue with considerable interest. I should like to make one correction.

Mr. Gerold Frank, whose case Mr. Awad discusses, is the correspondent of the Overseas News Agency accredited to the United Nations. The only reason given for the Lebanese refusal to admit him to that country was the technical one that on his visit to The Lebanon in 1946 with the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine, he failed to report to the Sureté Nationale on his arrival. This despite the fact that he was taken into custody (house arrest) on his arrival and escorted to the police headquarters by an armed guard! While the Lebanese authorities announced at one stage that the ban on Mr. Frank's admission had been lifted, when Mr. Frank applied for his visa, he was told that the "offer" had been withdrawn. Further efforts by United Nations officials and United States diplomatic representatives failed to secure Mr. Frank's admission. The Lebanese Government, therefore, is in the position of having flouted the United Nations and of having violated the convention it signed at the London meeting of the UN General Assembly.

I am sorry that Mr. Awad did not carry his article one stage further and tell of the pressures being exerted within the Lebanese Republic against the Christians and minority groups there. The personal insecurity of all non-Moslem elements of the population there and the fears these people entertain of retaliatory action by the authorities (obvious to any visitor to The Lebanon since the ouster of the French), the severe censorship enforced by the government and other factors make the many fulsome speeches of the Lebanese delegate to the United Nations, particularly his utterances in the Commission on Human Rights, a mockery of all those things for which the United Nations stands.

VICTOR M. BIENSTOCK,
Foreign Editor,
Overseas News Agency.

FOOD PARCELS

THE DIRECTORS of CARE recently announced that their organization has available for immediate shipment to Europe three new packages especially designed to meet the nutritional needs of infants. Two of the new packages will contain the type of food needed for proper nourishment of children from the time of their birth until they are six months old. The third package, intended for slightly older children, is composed of such items as: milk bottles, powder, cotton, castile soap, safety pins, receiving blankets, kimonos, medications and other vital items.

The three new packages are of particular importance in view of the findings disclosed by Mr. Paul Comly French, CARE executive director, following a number of survey trips he made recently in the famine threatened areas of Europe. Mr. French was advised by numerous authorities on the spot that unless American help arrives soon and in great volume a large percentage of European children are not expected to survive the coming months. In general, infant mortality throughout Europe is already far above the pre-war rate, he found. The indications are, that in Berlin alone, 50 percent of the babies born will die, and of the survivors three-quarters will suffer from tuberculosis. Recent information on infant mortality in Poland gives an even more depressing indication of the current rate of infant mortality in Europe. In 1946, in some parts of Poland, one of every three children born. died before its first birthday. Mr. French estimates

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that at least a half-million infants could have been saved if American aid had been made available in sufficient quantities.

The three new packages will cost ten dollars each and will be shipped by CARE on receipt of that amount and an address for each package at their offices: 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y. For the benefit of those who may wish to send packages through CARE but have no foreign addresses at hand, we include the following list of names, all of them people who can be counted on to see to the best possible distribution of the materials contained in the parcels:

Sister Alexandra
(Young Mothers Club)
I. Krisztina krt. 125
Budapest, Hungary.

Social Mission Motherhouse
I. Krisztina krt. 125
Budapest, Hungary.

Dr. Karl Rudolf
1 Stephansplatz 5/2
Wien, Austria.

Reverend Mere Prieure du Carmel
90 rue du Condray
Nantes (Loire Inferieur)
France

Carmel de St. Joseph
12 Via Innocenzo X
Rome, Italy.

The Screen

Bonny Lassies and Braw Lads

SO GREAT is my enthusiasm for *"I Know Where I'm Going"* that you'd better take all my raving with a grain of salt. Its story is pretty slight, but its flights of cinematic fancy hit new imaginative heights and its characterizations are a delight. I'll have to admit from the start that the appeal of this English picture is limited mainly to those who like the kind of spoofing that Saki used to dish up and to those who agree about the unimportance of money. The heroine, pertly played by Wendy Hiller, is one of those dashing girls who knows what she wants; and what she wants is a rich husband. After the film's clever introduction which shows that even as a child she knew where she was going, we see her setting out for the Hebrides where she is about to marry a very, very wealthy, though elderly, industrialist. A storm prevents her reaching the island (leased by her fiancé from the Laird of Kiloran) and introduces her to a new life as well as the meaning of love. Perhaps even under normal circumstances it would be difficult for a girl to resist the genuine charm of the Laird of Kiloran who is portrayed by Roger Livesey with equal parts of romance, fun, adventure and the masculine counterpart of oomph (not to be confused with Arrow Collar kind of

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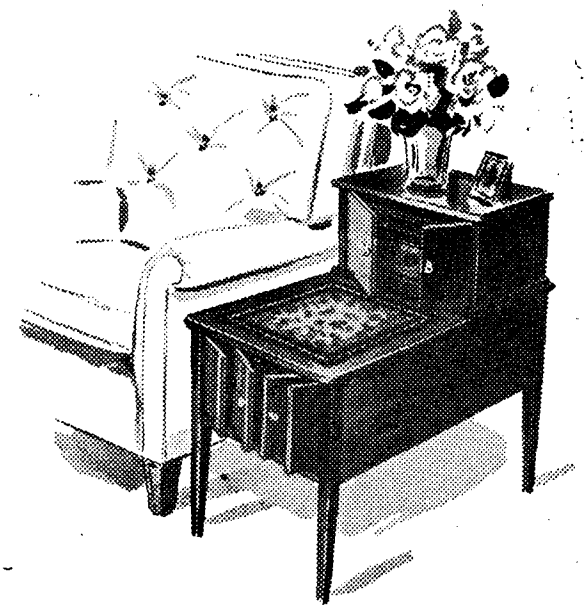

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handsomeness). This Laird becomes our heroine's companion and guide under such unusual situations and surroundings that the poor girl has to muster all her determination to stick to her monied standards.

"I Know Where I'm Going" was written, produced and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, a pair of movie makers who know how to use cinema to convey an idea. With them the camera comes first and the sound track merely assists; dialogue and music add to the fun or excitement, but the pictures are what count. The misty, severe Scotch scenery, the good cast (which also includes Pamela Brown, Finlay Currie, Valentine Dyall and several others in perfectly characterized smaller rôles) and such additional attractions as Scottish dances and choral singing all combine to win your eye and ear. Because at times the film seems slightly disjointed, you may wonder if its makers really knew where they were going, and you may even object to the harrowing episodes in which the hero and heroine are almost drowned in a whirlpool; but if rich satire peppered with the ridiculous appeals to your sense of humor, then this picture is for you. And you'll revel in the freshness of every episode of this heartwarming comedy as Miss Hiller learns that these people, though without money, aren't poor.

Comparisons may be odious, but I can hardly help from contrasting the new Hollywood production of *"Bob, Sun of Battle"* with "I Know Where I'm Going." Both are set in Scotland, but Hollywood's Scotland is a postcard Technicolor locale compared with the scenes in the English film. And while both stories are rather sentimental, "Bob" lays its sweetness on with a trowel. Naturally it is labored with the themes of Alfred Ollivant's novel, and Director Louis King was somewhat limited by the attitudes of this best-seller of many years ago. Perhaps he was wise to avoid any suggestion of sophistication and to settle for just a nice, folksy dog story. The leading actor for my money is the dog who plays Red Wull, the villain of this piece. You may remember from your childhood reading of this book that it's about dogs and shepherds and winds up after many scuffles in a big contest between Red Wull and Auld Bob, while father and son (Edmund Gwenn and Lon McCallister) are pitted against each other as they direct the two dogs. Peggy Ann Garner, Reginald Owen and a large cast surround the leads and the dogs and the sheep; and all except the animals speak with a variety of Scotch burrs. Needless to say this picture is unusually wholesome and can be safely attended by you and your children and your pets.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Unity Hopes Re-Buried

IF ANYONE knows of a good miracle-maker, they might tell him there is work to be had in the field of labor unity. It is a simple job of raising from the dead. For Phil Murray, president of the CIO, has now pushed all hope of amalgamation with the AFL firmly into the grave. And the Taft-Hartley Bill threatens to drive a few unnecessary nails into the coffin.

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that Murray has re-buried a hope that arose briefly last winter, when the dark clouds first began to gather over Washington. There were two meetings in May, at which the AFL made a pretty fair offer, but made it in a high-handed way, on a kind of take-it-or-leave-it-you're-lucky-we're-so-generous basis.

At that time the AFL also refused to do anything along the line of joint action with the CIO on immediate problems, such as the Taft-Hartley Bill, political action, etc. They said all this would have to wait until the two were one, which was ridiculous because on a city and state plane the two had been acting together in a growing number of instances.

Nevertheless, William Green of the AFL seemed to be getting more and more enthusiastic about a re-marriage as time went on and the Taft-Hartley collar settled more firmly around the neck of American labor. Now Murray has cooled him off with a letter in which he says that the CIO is not interested in any more talks until the AFL is willing to discuss immediate problems as well as long-range unity.

Which means that the CIO doesn't really want unity now, because it is just as foolish to say that no final unity is possible without immediate unity as it is to say that no immediate unity is possible without final unity. And why the CIO doesn't want unity now this writer honestly doesn't know. As one visiting labor leader from Holland put it, in Europe you have a divided labor movement because there are profound ideological and political differences that keep it divided. But in America the division seems to feed on nothing more profound than a conflict of personalities.

This is over-simplified perhaps, but there is a good deal of sense to it. Industrial unionism is no longer an issue. The dominant elements in both organizations are still vaguely Democratic in their political sympathies. The communists are strong in the CIO, but still very definitely a minority and weaker than they have been in some time. Both organizations are still committed to some form of modified private enterprise. The CIO is more progressive, the AFL more conservative, but it is mainly a difference of degree and not of kind.

There is a story to the effect that Murray recently walked into a meeting of the executive board of his own union, the United Steelworkers, and said, "There won't be any unity because John L. Lewis and I don't see eye to eye."

And what did he mean by that? One labor reporter remarked that Murray probably meant that he was afraid that Lewis would eat him up. And since Murray spent a good many years touring the inside of Lewis's stomach back in the days when he was vice-president of the Mine Workers, he apparently doesn't relish that idea. But then, if there is any truth at all to this interpretation, which you would not do well to bet on, such a fear must be based on the assumption that Lewis dominates the AFL executive council. Such a thing is very hard to believe.

The AFL leaders recognize that Lewis is a formidable guy and an excellent man to have on your team when the going is tough, but there is certainly no love lost in their feeling toward him. They are not so stupid that they have forgotten that he blew up in their faces in 1935 and then blew up again in the CIO in 1941 and has blown up periodically in the face of Uncle Sam. They

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obviously fear, and perhaps secretly admire him, but if they trust the man and are willing to give him power, then human nature is even more mysterious than it seemed.

But for whatever reason, unity is dead. And now it appears that the Taft-Hartley Bill may drive an even deeper wedge between the two camps. Most of the big CIO unions have voted to by-pass the new Board. As yet no AFL union has so voted. If AFL unions can secure the calling of an election either in a plant where no contract exists, or where the CIO has a precarious hold, they will win by default unless they are turned down in favor of "no union."

Nothing will be left to the CIO but strike action. This is an old technique that frequently worked before the Wagner Act was ever heard of. It also frequently failed. If discretion is ever the better part of militancy, which it is, then Phil Murray and other non-communist leaders of the CIO might do well to start putting themselves in a frame of mind to reconsider their all-out defiance of the Board. The Taft-Hartley Bill is lousy, but the price of defiance may be even lousier. This is not a prediction. It is just something to think about as the future moves majestically into the past. JOHN C. CORT.

In England Now*

ANNE FREMANTLE

THE OLD HOUSE garden was a tatty hayfield. Where delphiniums and phlox had once towered over larkspur and canterbury bells, was now a hotch-potch of sagging grass. Across the lawn ran three little girls, remnants of a houseful of evacuees. "Her Ladyship can't bear to send them back to their slums," explained Lord Stewkley, "so they're still in her bedroom; she sleeps in the dressing room." "And you?" I asked, balancing my youngest son astraddle on my shoulders. "Oh, I'm quite comfortable," Lord Stewkley said," in George's old room." George had been killed in a Spitfire, in the Battle of Britain. The evacuees' noses ran; they had pasty, shapeless faces, too small eyes set too high in their vacant faces; they were infinitely unattractive: "yow get yer stinking guts out of 'ere," in an adenoidal voice one adjured the other pushing its companion out of the swing.

The steers in the meadow suddenly dashed madly across the walkers. "Gadding," Lord Stewkley said, "the gadflies are terrible this year. My beasts are running all the flesh off themselves."

In the kitchen garden the lettuces and young carrots ran merrily along their tidy rows, orderly and good. The strawberries were already netted, and the currant bushes. "Mrs. Dove's bees are swarming," I commented, as we passed the gardener's cottage. An old lady, straight as a ram-rod, in a long skirt, was coming toward us up the path. "Ah, Miss Forrest," said Lord Stewkley, "what brings you out on such a hot afternoon?"

"I'm delivering the paper," said Miss Forrest, proffering a copy of the *Mursley District Ruri-Decanal Monthly Magazine,* "I can't get any of the choir boys to do it these days." Suddenly she perceived the bees. "Ah," she half shrieked "I haven't my veil." "They won't attack you unless you attack them," Lord Stewkley comforted her pleasantly, and added, "let us accompany you past the danger." He offered Miss Forrest a gallant arm. We walked on toward the cemetery. "We're making for the Tomlinson's," Lord Stewkley said, "I want Mrs. Christopher here to see our electric milker. She tells me that the American soldiers weren't allowed to drink our milk or eat our meat because of our filthy conditions; our farm is T.-T.-tested, and I'd like her to take a look at it."

Tomlinson, over seventy himself, was weighing a full pail: "We'll have to get some PW's," he growled, as Lord Stewkley asked him how he did, "my cowman has just broken his thigh, and there's simply no labor to be had, for any money, these days." Lord Stewkley looked worried: "Her Ladyship won't stand for it," he said, "and I confess I don't like the idea myself. Slave-labor, Tomlinson: it's no use our kidding ourselves; that's all it is, slave-labor.' '

We walked back down the village street. A couple of blonde youths in shabby khaki with lettering on their legs, as though they were wearing house cloths, sauntered by. "They're some of our Germans," Lord Stewkley said, "there's a camp beyond Swanbourne, about eight miles away. The commandant is a good enough fellow—talks about 'my boys,' and let's them out on their own; those two are probably going over to Alcock's (the chauffeur's), he usually invites a couple of them to tea each Sunday, and takes them in to evensong after. Miss Forrest's been nice to them too—but she's over ninety and the rector's seventy-eight, so it's not exactly much company for young men." "Is there much fraternizing?" I asked. "Oh yes, plenty," replied his Lordship, "what can you expect?"

*Fragment from a travel journal.

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I drove briskly through Buckingham. Just beyond I stopped for gas. The proprietor recognized me. "Living in the states now, aren't you? You're a lucky one, that's what I say. Ain't no life here. The shops shut at five, and all day Saturday; no one opens up before 9:30 or 10, and they've nothing to sell when they *are* open, and everyone's so disobligin.' Seems like they took a delight in saying they've none of this, or you can't get that." I drove on to Aynhoe. The gold-gray stone cottages looked as they'd done for five hundred years or so; the espalié'd apricots on their walls (Squire's rent used to be paid in apricots) showed only leaves. I stopped in front of the Dower-house. "We're moving back next month, at last," Squire said, coming out to greet me. We walked over to the 1660 house. "The military have left it in a mess," Mrs. Squire said, "and the present government won't allow us more than four dollars per room to put it to rights. You can't clean it for that—at the present cost of charwomen, let alone paper it or paint. The army's been in here seven years."

I asked how things were. Squire replied, "Bad. Morale is terrible. The rich won't work. 'Why should they, for these Bolshies? Oh, I know you're labor. But I'm not. And even the people won't work now that they have to pay income tax on overtime. For it pays 'em to earn less, not more. If the government would only take the tax off overtime, and off income from capital investment in national reconstruction, they'd be offering an incentive at both ends of the ladder. For, as things are now, we're at a standstill." I asked, "Do you realize here that your miners produce four times less per man than ours in the States; your cotton spinners seventy-five times less?" He sighed, "I'm not surprised." After a pre-war tea of scones, butter, jam, cake, raspberries and cream, I went on for drinks to the Hope's. Sir Charles had just been given a knighthood on retiring from the Indian Civil; his RAF hero son, awarded every possible decoration, had married a film star, now in Hollywood. "What should we send to our American grandchild? It's expected next month," Lady Hope asked me. "They're so good about sending us things here—is there nothing we could send?" I suggested Kashmir shawls, lace-trimmed baptiste baby frocks; shetland woollies; then I asked 25-year-old Pam what she was doing. "Oh, just the cooking," she replied, "I was in the Foreign Office during the war, after I finished Oxford." [She had graduated summa-cum-laude from Lady Margaret Hall.] "You know what the servant problem is, now-a-days." She sighed, "I suppose I might as well do this as anything else. At least I know I'm being some use to someone—even if it's only Dad and Mum."

★

I drove over to Wistow, across the heart of the Midlands. The best hunting in the world—all the country of the Whaddon Chase and the Quorn—and some between: fifty miles of hedged fields, elm-bordered; of narrow, twisting roads, of thatched Elizabethan cottages, jowling red-brick Victorian monstrosities. Very few private cars to be seen: the basic ration is still some tix to ten gallons of gas monthly per car (depending on the horse-power) though the farmers do a pretty good black-market, selling the gas given them for agricultural purposes. Wistow is a big, square-ish seventeenth-century house, hideously made over in the era of billiard-rooms and conservatories. Still, in the stained-glass sky-lighted hall, cluttered with Canova-like statuary, are displayed the two red-velvet, gold-embroidered saddles, and the two gold-scabbarded swords, left by King Charles I and Prince Rupert after the Battle of Naseby. They spent a brief night, in the oak room with its panneling, and in glass cases their harness recalls their tragic halt. In World War I, Wistow was a hospital; in World War II a training-place for German pastors: at once refuge and novitiate. Most of their erstwhile refugees have gone back home. Pastors from all over Europe come there now for rest and holiday; I lunched with Swiss, Swedish, German and French nationals and their wives. The Swede, Dr. Forelle, talked after lunch of his recent tour in Germany. He had been visiting many of the repatriated prisoners-of-war in their homes. "They get a terrible welcome in Germany. Many have not seen nor heard from their families for seven years; but when they return they are boycotted, and are mocked with the cry: *"'Kriegsgefängener, kriegsverlängerer'*—prisoner-of-war, lengthener of war." Many, as a result, don't want to go back. Many have married, or want to marry, British girls. It is too hard for most to adjust to normal life—they were boys of seventeen when they left, and are now men of 25 who have known nothing but barrack or prison life. And there are still 250,000 of them in England; and more than twice that number in France."

This summer, at Wistow, they are going to have an oecumenical summer school, to which Dominicans are coming as well as Jews, Anglicans and other Protestants. They wish also to have communists come: they have had Jesuits. They try at Wistow to survey the future of Central Europe from all angles, and to enlist the help of all men of good-will. And they live what they preach.

Books of the Week

Polish Jews: A Pictorial Record. 31 plates. With an Introductory Essay by Abraham Joshua Heschel. Schocken. $3.75.

LAST YEAR, Henry LaFarge edited for Pantheon a volume of photographs entitled "Lost Treasures of Europe" which was, and is, a sad and beautiful book. There is a time when you can photograph a building because it is there—a painting, or a statue—and a time later, after an earthquake, after a war, when you can no longer photograph it because it is no longer there. LaFarge's book reproduced much that is gone forever. When a war has ravaged the world there are many things you can photograph once there is peace again and it is, deceptively, as if nothing had changed. The grass that was burnt grows again; the gardens that were destroyed can be planted again; the alleys can be laid out again—hedges take time and so do fruit trees. Eventually the gardens and the fields look like the gardens and the fields that were there before there was a war. At other times during a war you think that everything is going. During the war Thérèse Bonney photographed children in Finland and in France—in Finland when the Russians came, in France when the Germans came. The children were starving, they were frightened, they looked up at the planes that flew above them; they hastened along endless roads into exile (exile is anywhere that is not home). Those photographs made you think that there would

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never be children to photograph again who looked like the children who lived before the war and who were not frightened, or starving, or alone, lost on the roads. Yet there are children again, in Finland, in France, in Germany—a little thin, a little tubercular, menaced more than usually by disease and poverty—but playing about with no bombs falling just now, and it is this appearance of continuity which makes us feel that wars can safely be undertaken. Some of the buildings, the paintings, the statues go; a great many people are killed who sooner or later would die anyway, but here we are with our politics again, there are a few holes in the ground that have not yet been filled up, but here we are with the face of the world looking not too unlike the way it was before the war, and once again we can go ahead into another war because there are not so many things that get lost after all—at any rate as long as the lightning strikes somewhere else. It is perhaps dangerous to be quite so complacent.

Facts are not affected, however, by what we feel about them. Whether we know it or not we are empoverished by what the war destroyed. It destroyed many of those objects which our army authorities academically described as "cultural monuments." Whether we think about them or not they are recorded in Henry LaFarge's book.

But something else was destroyed. During the process of a cruel inhuman private war-within-the-war, the Germans destroyed a certain number of "cultural communities," of which the most important were those of the Polish Jews. Whether we think about them or not; whether we knew them or not; whether we know what we lost through their destruction, there is a record now of what the people of those communities looked like, and when you see the photographs which make up this record you are looking at the people whom the Germans killed at Maidanek and Auschwitz.

In 1938 Roman Vishniak photographed them; they can never be photographed again. Vishniak took unposed pictures in Cracow, Warsaw, Lublin, Vilna, and in Carpathian Ruthenia; he took two thousand photographs; the New York firm of Schocken now reproduces thirty-one of them, in large plates, together with a preface by Abraham Joshua Heschel of the Jewish Theological Seminary. I want to say at once that the photographs are among the most beautiful I have seen and that Professor Heschel's preface, "The Inner World of the Polish Jew," moved me deeply.

I have always greatly admired Marc Chagall's paintings. Of course his Jewish memories are Russian (Vitebsk) and perhaps the closed world of the Polish Jew is not the same thing, but reading Professor Heschel and looking at Vishniak's photographs I felt for the first time that I saw the material from which Chagall drew his inspiration. The Polish Jews lived humiliated in great poverty in a world of their own; they chose to live apart; the Poles held them apart. But before I found out that Dr. Heschel's preface was not the usual kind of formal presentation—it is a text to read and reread—I glanced at it, and suddenly I saw a phrase which illuminated all the pictures I had been looking at with so great attention, and also the question about the Jew's unhappiness under the Poles. Dr. Heschel speaks of the hasidic movement in the eighteenth century which uncovered "the ineffable delight of being a Jew." In those words were Chagall's angels, his fiancés on the roof, his little violin player dancing in the sky—but in them also, more profoundly, was what I had been seeing in the photographs and had not dared to recognize or name.

These children in school, the old men in the street, the "Hasid in Furred Hat" walking down a Cracow street (there is slush in the street, snow on the roofs), the "Yeshiva Student" in Munkacevo (he sits at a desk looking down at his books), the "Petitioner" in Warsaw, the "Shopkeeper with Nothing to Sell' in Cracow—few of them were smiling (the Yeshiva student and two or three of the children were smiling), the old lady sitting at a market stall, in the snow, with the tax collector speaking to her, was not smiling; yet in this landscape which seemed desolate to me (there is a somber picture of the entry to the old ghetto in Cracow) there was everywhere this quality of joy. I dared not name it; there seemed no place for it. It was of course the joy of the Jewish spirit whose life is joined immediately to confidence in God. These Jews were contemplatives.

"Outwardly," writes Dr. Heschel, "they may have looked plagued by the misery and humiliation in which they lived, but inwardly they bore the rich sorrow of the world and the noble vision of redemption for all men and all beings. . . . 'Despair does not exist at all,' said Rabbi Nahman of Bratzlav. . . . The present moment overflowed its bounds. People lived not chronologically, but in a fusion of the dimensions of time: they lived with the great men of the past, not only in narrating tales about them, but also in their emotions and dreams." Dr. Heschel tells what the Polish Jews believed and how their faith dominated their culture and daily life. After reading him it is impossible for an instant to doubt that these communities preserved and held their heart and spirit high, until the Germans destroyed their bodies. They were constantly engrossed in study; they had an immense reverence for books, for their sacred books; they endlessly examined and discussed them. Learning was their pride, but it was not an end in itself, nor was the ritual with which they surrounded their daily life. They looked always beyond the appearances of reality at what they knew was real, at what they knew was supremely important. They looked within themselves at what they knew to be the only life that matters.

A note informs us that Dr. Heschel's preface to this volume is part of an address delivered at the Nineteenth Conference of the Yiddish Scientific Institute of New York. His account of how the Jews of Poland lived before the war might have remained buried in the annals of that Institute, just as our knowledge of how they died remains buried in the mass of atrocity reports which for so long accumulated and still mount higher. But Roman Vishniak's pictures are here now; they will induce many people to read Dr. Heschel. They need, however, no accompanying text; by themselves, they save these Polish Jews from any possible oblivion; they save us from forgetting what they represented. We look at these faces, surely mostly of the dead, and when at times we feel that mankind deserves its bomb, the unforgettable faces of these Jews remind us that not all men are guilty, not all impure, not all complacent. That is why we have eyes to see. Always in the world there are these faces—the Greek archaic smile, the Egyptian faces, the Etruscan, the faces in the paintings of Giotto, Greco, the face of the Angel of Amiens, and now the faces of these Polish Jews—they are diaphanous, they hardly even attempt to mask the soul.

C. G. PAULDING.

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What Ails Mankind? Gustave Thibon. Sheed. $1.75.

IF ONE READS with a pencil always at hand, his copy of Thibon's book will be almost disfigured with exclamation marks of approval and question marks of at least tentative disagreement. Question marks have the edge in the present reviewer's hurried tally.

For want of a better summary of the central thesis of Thibon's seventeen more or less related chapters on the "diseases which are wasting the social organism today" (publisher's notice), perhaps the following excerpt will do: "The rights and liberties which the democracies consider to be man's due can be fertile and inoffensive only in a *vitally* Christian social climate. It is little use trying to paste wings on man unless you can give him a winged nature. The final outcome of that kind of dream is the fall of Icarus."

So far, so good. But it is statements like the following (and there are far too many of them) which immediately throw the reader off his balance: "The most fruitful, and the most lasting, exchanges are those established in strongly diversified societies with distinct levels, where it is difficult, even impossible, to pass from one story of the hierarchy to another. To realize this, one has only to reflect upon the worldly influence which the monarchy, the nobility, and the castes within the clergy have had over the people. With political formations such as these, everyone is available to work for the good of the whole, precisely because of his stability and the "inevitableness" of this position. The upper classes are able to give, and the lower to receive, with a free hand; and the resulting exchanges are the deeper as the gulfs between the different social milieux are the more difficult to bridge. All this has been spoilt by the 'religion' of democracy."

Occasionally Thibon sounds like Maritain—in his incisive criticism of an idealistic morality divorced from the Gospel; just as often, however, he sounds like Francis Stuart Campbell in his suspicion of the masses. It occurs to the reviewer, in this connection, that Thibon ought to reread Pope Pius XII's 1944 Christmas allocution on democracy. His Holiness is also suspicious of the "masses" (the quotation marks are of the essence), but nowhere is it written that he is suspicious of universal suffrage. Quite the contrary. And yet we find Thibon writing as follows with explicit reference, in the context, to universal suffrage: "You might as well expect a blind man to choose *freely* among the colors of the rainbow! This is sacrificing the framework provided by Nature to a false ideal. It is telling the lamb that it is free to be herbivorous or not as it chooses. For that is what, in the final analysis, those institutions amount to which keep alive in *everyone's* mind the illusion that every man is sovereign and equal to every other, and that he settles by his votes questions which are quite out of his sphere of competence."

The reviewer's guess is this, that the very people who could profit most from Thibon's medicine—the secularist reformers—will be only stiffened in their prejudices by his altogether unnecessary aspersions on social insurance and related reforms and by his infuriating tendency to play into the hands of timid Christians who fear the masses for reasons ever so much less valid and ever so much less honorable than his own. Thibon himself is by no means in favor of the *status quo*—but perhaps there is a certain significance in the fact that he finds it necessary more than once to go out of his way to say so. He seems to sense at times that it is necessary to warn the reader that the *prima facie* interpretation of his point is not the one he intended.

The reader is reminded, in fairness to the author, that there is more to the book than has been indicated in this review—as, for example, the author's very thoughtful exposition of the philosophy of what the Europeans refer to as the corporative system of economic life and his analysis of the importance of "moral habits" in contradistinction to "morality." My only objection is that the good is so unnecessarily mixed up with so much that is —shall we say, only half true.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

The Development of Modern Medicine. Richard Harrison Shryock. Knopf. $5.00.

DR. SHRYOCK'S survey of medical progress in Europe and America begins with the seventeenth century and ends with contemporary medicine. He correlates the development of medical knowledge with advances in other fields. He has much to say with respect to the qualitative and quantitative approaches to medical problems. How much of medical growth is attributable to speculative rationalism and how much to the scientific method is, of course, a question. I gather that the author leans toward the Bacon-Locke-Comte brigade, but he is fair.

He informs us, in random passages—and I use his phrasing so far as possible—that inoculation and vaccination vindicated empirical procedures, that the accumulation of wealth in the hands of the middle class benefited the arts and the sciences in varying degrees, that the thermometer was available to physicians as early as 1750, that Cobbett was convicted of slander in connection with his appeal to statistical medical evidence, that Kynd, an Irish physician, first used morphine hypodermically in 1844, that the Surgeon General's Library in Washington is probably the greatest in the world, that Virchow and Bernard formulated current standards of medical methodology, that the history of bacteriology ante-dates the nineteenth century, that smallpox, typhoid, tuberculosis, diphtheria, typhus, malaria, and yellow fever were fairly well checked between 1870 and 1920, that this represents the most impressive record in all medical history, that the mediaeval recognition of women as physicians was forgotten by the Victorians, that American medicine need no longer apologize to European medicine, and that the medical profession is still at a loss with respect to the prevention and cure of arthritis, cancer and cardio-vascular disorders.

Socialized medicine in Germany and England is discussed. Here again the author is fair; his data may be read profitably by those interested in the question.

Dr. Shryock's prose makes considerable demands on the general reader. Those whose interest in the subject is more than casual will, however, find his book worth examining.

DONALD POWELL.

The World's Great Madonnas. Cynthia Pearl Maus. Harper. $4.95.

"THE AUTHOR sent out this, her seventh book," she writes, "in the hope that it may make a lasting contribution to the enrichment of the life of young people and adults alike in helping them to discover the wealth of truth and beauty inherent in the Christian

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religion as portrayed by the artists, the poets, the story-tellers and the musicians of the world." As the wrapper informs us that its predecessor, "Christ and the Fine Arts," has 130,000 copies in print, a sale of at least fifty thousand may be predicted for this. Yet one may also wonder whether there can be much value in a work so lacking in definite religious ideas and which always exhibits the second-rate in preference to the first-rate and the third-rate in preference to the second. It is true that there is a bit from Dante, and the *Adoremus Te* of Palestrina, and a few reproductions of the Old Masters. Wordsworth's modernization of the proem of the "Prioress's Tale" is quoted, apparently without the faintest suspicion that it is an adaptation of Chaucer. And "Paradise Regained" is attributed to Dante! But poetry of that type is smothered under pretty sentimentalities gleaned, as the acknowledgments indicate, from a few rather poor anthologies, chiefly one entitled "Poems from Life." The stories are equally commonplace, and, without any sense of incongruity, pictures by Faldi and Bouguereau and Bosseron Chambers are included with those by Fra Angelico and Raphael and Titian.

There are, however, some interesting pictures made by Indian and Chinese and African Christian artists, though these too are usually interesting rather than good, and may have been culled from missionary magazines. The geographical sections, on the other hand, are shamelessly padded with stories and poems that have nothing to do with them. Thus Luther's Christmas Hymn appears under the heading "Brazil" with the characteristic interpretative note: "Martin Luther, always deeply religious, studied to become a priest. Then he left the Catholic Church and set forth new religious ideas of his own, even translating the Bible into the German language." In one sense one gets a lot for one's money—nearly 800 pages of pictures and poems and stories and music—but as so much of what it contains is rubbish, COMMONWEAL readers would be well advised to keep their money. THEODORE MAYNARD.

Democracy and Empire in the Caribbean. Paul Blanshard. Macmillan. $5.00.

THIS IS AN informative book. It quite evidently is written by a man who has fortified personal observation with a careful and extensive study of his subject. Conceding that bibliographies often are padded to give specious weight to a volume, I should hazard the opinion that Mr. Blanshard actually has digested a good bit of the material listed in the appendix. To that solid basis he has added his own personal observations and evaluations, garnered during his four-year service as a State Department official in the Caribbean.

The result is 376 pages of easy-to-read and eminently interesting information about the lands and the peoples who are just outside our own front door. The title of the book is somewhat misleading. Mr. Blanshard's book is not specifically a discussion of politics and government. These are given due attention as part of the over-all picture. But economics and education, race and morals, climate and tourism, all come in for their fair share of attention. The result is an exceptionally compact and complete presentation of the Caribbean world, a world that daily rises higher above the horizon of American consciousness.

It is the first time that I myself have read such a compendium, and I was more than a little surprised to find my own depressing impressions of Puerto-Rican problems, assuming a rosy hue by comparison with those of neighboring European colonies. I had not thought that worse slums than La Perla and El Fanguito were possible, but Mr. Blanshard has found worse in Jamaica and other British islands. It is a tragic commentary on the whole situation that Puerto Rico, for all its illiteracy, poverty, illegitimacy, and disease, should prove by comparison to be the most favored of all these tropical islands.

"Democracy and Empire in the Caribbean," in the chapter, "Color, Class, Ownership," contains a particularly lucid and thoughtful appraisal of the race question in this region. The snobbery of the mulatto middle-class towards their darker brethren, the direct ratio between pigmentation and manual labor, our own shameful "gold" and "silver" system of segregation in the Canal Zone, are facets of special interest.

Like most non-Catholic students of Caribbean problems, impatient of more fundamental reforms, Mr. Blanshard is all for birth-prevention as a quick cure for poverty, crime, and disease. It is a tempting short-cut, and the logical solution to anyone whose philosophy is pragmatism. But it constitutes a cold-blooded denial of man's responsibility, under God, to man. Aside from this obvious predisposition, Mr. Blanshard's book, in its discussion and its conclusions, offers little foothold for criticism.

LEO J. TRESE.

No Lasting Home. Joseph Dever. Bruce. $3.00.

IN A recent treatise on the art of narrative Phyllis Bentley describes the novel as consisting of the "right mingling" of scene and summary. "No Lasting Home," a first novel by a young writer who has had some success with the vignette—scene dipped in mood-prose—is a mingling of these ingredients at times awkward, at times engaging. As a summarist Mr. Dever often falters in the construction of his narrative bridges, and even his skill as a builder of scenes is frequently marred by his awareness that he is "writing." What he has given us here is a generous outline, filled in under some headings, left tentative and dangling under others, of the novel he did not quite write.

"No Lasting Home" tells the story of two brothers, Ed and Gerry Creedin, and it is a success story, for the one in terms of à Kempis, for the other lavishly in terms of Alger. After providing glimpses of their Boston boyhood and of Ed's adolescence, both bathed in easy sentimentalism, the story settles down to Ed's sacrifice of his chances for marriage and his development into a labor leader so the kid brother can go to Ignatian College. (Ed's abnegations come to him effortlessly upon such philosophizing as this, on the death of Tom Mix: "You can't put it in a math book—but it's in your deepest being—you know that Tom Mix will ride herd again—somewhere . . ."). Into this idyll of brotherly immolation and high-minded goings on about the college magazine comes Barbara, a personable red-head who writes atrocious doggerel. Her effect on the lives of the brothers, though contrived, is by far the best thing in the book, its chief vignette. Thereafter the author plunges into a kind of pretty finality, awarding his characters denouements as arbitrary and ill-fitting as paper hats. Not until Mr. Dever's genuine sensitiveness overmatches his weakness for literary language and the consecrated naïve will he achieve the novel's ample canvas. RILEY HUGHES.

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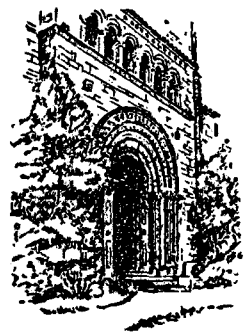

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The Garretson Chronicle. Gerald Warner Brace. Norton. $3.00.

NEW ENGLAND is a perennially fascinating theme, a welcome subject for the contemporary novel. It is ambitious to attempt to embody in a story of 400 pages much of the flavor and character and psychology of the most mature region of the United States. It is told lovingly but with eyes wide open—and with highly appropriate restraint. Grandfather Garretson, in exercising the most numbing tyranny over his son and family until the day of his death in extreme old age, reflects shortsightedness, bluff vitality, an exaggerated family sense, ironclad everyday habits. His son, Randall, suggests the peculiar type of New England frustration for which the overbearing parent was only partly responsible. Randall's second wife provides a terrifying portrait of the old meticulous, over-serious New England virtues carried to their potential extremes. Randall himself with all these and other handicaps never comes to much, either as a creative artist or as a person.

Ralph, the protagonist of the present generation, has to work through many dampening influences: the atmosphere of his home, the clerical private academy where redbloodedness and school spirit exude alike from instructors and fellow-students, the barrenness of employment in a woodworking plant. To light the way are the three women he loved—each presented in the most credible and —for what she was—sympathetic fashion.

In fact Ralph's boyhood and early manhood are so surely and so poignantly unfolded that it is hard not to express regret that the author consigned so few of his pages to the present generation. That would be his one artistic mistake. It is curious that this study of a leading element in the American tradition should end as an absorbing love story, which despite regional overtones, could have taken place anywhere. Things like that occasionally happen in the midst of the most purposeful studies. It is to Mr. Brace's credit that his environment is so authentic and that he tells of young love in a manner appealingly fresh.

E. S.

The Inner Forum

Education in Argentina

THE Correspondence *of the Center of Information Pro Deo* (CIP) *for August 16 devotes its "Question Box" discussion to the Catholic ideal in education and the new Argentine education law. The following excerpts give the substance of* CIP'S *comments:*

The majority of the Argentine people are Catholics, at least nominally. Their formal education, however, since 1884 has been almost completely divorced from their religion. The public schools, which enjoy a virtual monopoly, officially have been neutral. The result, however, has followed the inevitable pattern whenever neutral or "lay" education has been attempted: Divorced from religion, education, if not actually anti-religious, has been indifferent to it, leaving its students unaware that religion has any relevance to the problems that confront men in their daily life.

Since most Catholics in Argentina attend public schools, the Catholic hierarchy there has opposed the so-called neutral system since its inception in the last century. But this opposition had little effect. It was not until the

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Revolution of 1943 that any radical change in this respect was effected in the Argentine public school system. In that year the Revolutionary Government by decree inaugurated courses of religious instruction in the public schools. There is little reason to doubt that this decree was motivated in good part by the desire to win Catholic support. Early this year the Perón Government made the essential contents of that decree part of the regular law of the land.

There has not been any serious question of Catholic support for the objective that the law intends to accomplish. The Catholic hierarchy has maintained that parents have the right to give their children a Catholic education and that courses in religious instruction should be provided in the public schools, since, for the most part, they are the only schools available. The main point of disagreement among Catholics has been, not the intent, but the motive of the law, and the consequent fear that the Perón Government was using it only as a "bait" for Catholic support. One of the highest ecclesiastical authorities in Argentina, Cardinal Caggiano of Rosario, thought it necessary to point out that it was possible to support the law as a "grave matter of conscience" without thereby pledging any extraordinary allegiance to the Perón Government.

The political conditions under which the new law has come into effect have injected a certain amount of caution into its reception. It is recognized that since political motives contributed largely to its enactment it is always possible that efforts will be made to use it for political ends. This factor is certainly one of the reasons why the law is receiving so much attention in the press.

Discussion of the law in the legislative chamber revealed clearly where the danger lies. The section of the law that deals with the appointment of teachers declares that those "charged with teaching the Catholic religion shall be designated by the Government from those authorized by the ecclesiastical authority." The stipulation requiring authorization by the Church was strongly opposed by the Nationalist deputy, Eduardo Colom, editor of the newspaper *La Epoca,* self-styled"Organ of the National Revolution." He condemned it as a derogation from the authority of the State which deprived the Government of freedom in choosing its servants. In other words, this one deputy held that the Government should possess absolute authority over the teaching of religion. Religion under such a conception would serve only as another instrument in the hands of the State.

The danger in this view was stressed in an article in the Catholic review, *Orden Cristiano* (No. 135), written by Jaime Potenze, which pointed out that religious education directed by the State is "pernicious for both religion and the State." Such a State, he wrote, "identifies itself with the Absolute in claiming to direct religious instruction at its own convenience and becomes a totalitarian State."

The organization of the Argentine school system makes it readily susceptible to absolute State control. Modeled upon the French educational system, it is highly centralized, and all the schools are directly under the control of the national government. Consequently, if religious education were to become completely dependent upon the public schools, it too would be placed in a position in which the power of the State could be used to ensure that it was in accord with the wishes of the Government.

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Next Week

BRITISH CRISIS, by J. L. Benvenisti, tackles the questions Americans are asking: Is it primarily the fault of the Labor Government? Did the British "fritter away" the three and three-quarter billion American loan? In what sense have the attempts to apply socialist principles in Britain aggravated the present crisis? Read the answers to these, and other leading questions, by our able London correspondent in The Commonweal next week!

LITURGICAL PARISH MISSIONS, by H. A. Reinhold: "To begin with, my complaint [as a pastor and priest] is that as things are, the Church's liturgy and the average mission I have heard actually do have very little in common. I have heard the same set of mission sermons in Lent or Advent or Paschaltide or Christmas . . ." And could not the Benedictine, the Franciscan, the Dominican, the Jesuit and others impart to those who make a mission some of the substance of his Order's inspiring tradition. . . .

HOPE IN COURT, by John Doebele, contrasts the legal precedent for enforcing restrictive covenants against Negro owners or tenants with our courts' basic aim of equity and justice. Judges are beginning to see the anomaly. He cites two cases which have reached the United States Supreme Court: they involve homes in Detroit, Mich., and St. Louis, Mo. Much depends upon the Justices' decision this coming term.

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In giving their support to the new law, the Argentine Catholics have clearly shown that they do not consider that it solves the problem of Catholic education. At most, the law only makes it possible for Catholic students to obtain a course of religious instruction. But one course in religion does not make a Christian education, and if the balance of the scholastic curriculum is composed of courses whose effect is indifferent if not antagonistic to Christian principles, the course in religion at best can be little more than a corrective. For a truly Christian education, as Pope Pius XI pointed out in his encyclical on the subject (*Divini Illius Magistri,* issued 1929), Christian truth must be the life-giving spirit of all the courses and disciplines that train the moral and intellectual nature of man. For this reason the Christian Democrat leader and publicist, Dr. Alberto Duhau, declares: "The law on religious education passed by our Congress has not satisfied the great part of the Argentine Catholics who consider it far from providing the indispensable conditions for an efficacious religious formation."

The ideal of Christian education to which the Argentine Catholics still continue to look is the plan for freedom of education drawn up in 1936 by the former Minister of Public Instruction, Dr. Celestino I. Marco. It called for the recognition and establishment of religious schools capable of providing a complete education and receiving a proportionate share of public funds according to the principle established in Belgium by the educational law of 1914. Such a system, in the words of Dr. Horacio Marco, one of the collaborators in the plan, would make it possible for Argentine Catholics to provide "a proper and complete intellectual and spiritual formation like that of Louvain, Innsbruck, and the similar institutions in the United States, imparted by our own institutions and recognized by the State" (*Orden Cristiano,* No. 133).

In comparison with this ideal, it is obvious why Argentine Catholics consider the new law as "insufficient to impart an integral Christian education." This law does not break the effective monopoly which the State holds over education. It does not offer any way whereby Catholics can establish their own schools in which to ensure a complete Christian education. At most it only allows for religious instruction in schools where it was not given before. The Argentine law, although supported by Catholics, is admittedly a makeshift arrangement and is far from providing an adequate realization of the Catholic ideal of education.

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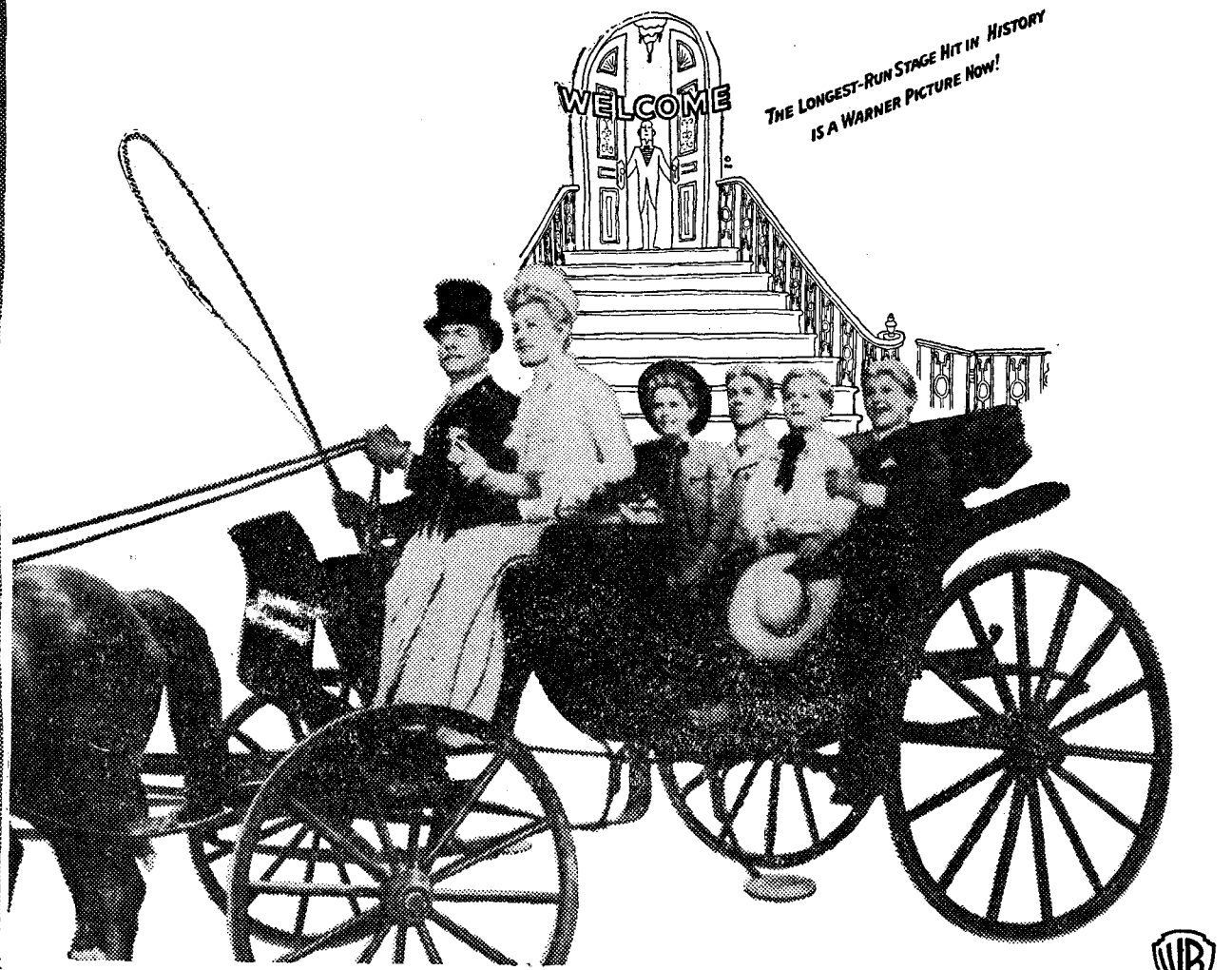

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